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THE ASHLAND UNION.

"THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

VOL. XX. ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1866. NO 51

Brick Dust for Soreheads.

Here is a shot from "Brick" Pomeroy's locker—in fact, a whole "broadsheet." It takes "Brick" to exhort Abolitionism:

"This reminds us of a little story. Says you radical, piggy-brother, Anna Dickinson, that you like the Union, how do you like Johnson? How do you like going out of the Union for a President? You men who preach that God is controlling events, and that we are to be eternally happy, how do you like to compare with flat-boat style?"

And God said let there be light, and there was light! This is Bible. "And being in torment, they lifted up their eyes and saw, and Abraham in the bosom of Lazarus, but Andy Johnson in the White House. Pretty picture, isn't it, you freedom shrieking, press mobbing, Democrat hanging, cotton stealing, women robbing, plunder looting, prison adorning, Democrat abusing, ballot box stuffing, office holding sepulchres, full of niggers' bones?"

How do you like the President? Wouldn't you choke gently on Booth's windpipe if, were he still alive? How do you like this going into the Democratic party for a horse to hitch up with your mule? The seed of white men shall bruise the head of Republicanism, and Johnson shall be the next President. Verily we say unto you, now is the time to repent! It is a bad time for you fellows to swap horses when crossing a stream. Why don't you black Republican, wench hugging, freedom shrieking, law breaking, Union hating, members of the only treasonable party in the Union, get drunk and parade with torches? Stand by the President! The President is the Government, you know!

Blessed doctrine, thought divine, But this President dodge is fine! He who stands against the President is a traitor. Let the traitors be hung! Why don't you get drunk, burn printing offices, murder a few Democrats, throw printing presses into the street, stop their newspapers, and print meetings in old barns and get as drunk as owls, as you did when the other President spoke? "Who's pin here since I've pin gone?" Who elected Johnson? Why in the thunder don't you get out the Wide Awake, burn democrats in effigy, shoot at them in post offices, shout "Ah for Lincoln," and hold fast to the prize you found down South.

"Why down South in the land of Brice?" Ain't that a pretty little song? How do you like the "expediency" dodge? Why don't you cackle when your President lays an egg? Why not celebrate, jubilate, investigate, operate and arraign till irrigate as you "used to once?" "Come ye sinners poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Johnson ready stands to save you, Now this cruel war is o'er!"

Why don't you laugh—smile—talk—say something, if it is not so all-fired smart? Gracious, but you fellows are busy about now! This is your President. God gave him to you. You selected him, elected him. What's the trouble in your camp? Oh, but you are a wet lot of rogues. Well, never mind. We won't hurt you. We won't mob you—prison you—hang you—abuse you—harrass you in business—malice you—insult you—rob you and use you as you have for five years used us. You needn't look seary like when you see a rope, prison or a gun. Get out the Wide Awake. Call out the loyal leagues! Get up some Sanitary Fairs. Appoint a few Brigadier Generals. Raise some colored troops. Turn your prayer meetings into electioneering booths. Control the telegraph. Lie to the nation. Open your mouths and guffaw when the President speaks. Be so-called. Don't get like wandering drops from a grand federal procession. Why you looked pleasantly good, jay struck, happy, angelic when Lincoln died compared to the way you look now! Poor Republicans—how dreadfully grief wear you've!

Murder.

A dead body was found floating in the Monongahela river, at Bell Vernon, on the morning of the 24th. It was identified as the body of James H. Homan, who mysteriously disappeared on the morning of the 3d, and had not since been heard from.

A bullet hole through his head, and a rope around his neck, furnished unmistakable proof that he came to his death by violence. To the top, had to double been attached a weight, intended to keep the body down; but "murder will out," and it let go its hold in time to let the body up for identification.

Mary Housman, wife of the deceased, and Richard Thairwell, in the employment of Housman, are the supposed guilty parties, and have been arrested accordingly.—Salem Republican.

They have got up another Freedmen's Bureau Bill in the House.

A fire at Hudson, Wisconsin, on Saturday destroyed the whole business part of the town. Loss \$350,000; insured \$100,000.

The New York Times notices that the President of the United States is the only person a member of Congress can abuse and vilify, without getting out of order and incurring rebuke, from the Speaker.

The Panama Railroad—Crossing the Isthmus—Tropical Vegetation—Aspinwall.

From Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

Seeing a little steamer filled with our passengers, like a five black with bees, we hastened down the short narrow winding streets of Panama to the railway station at the water's edge, and elbowed through the dense panting crowd into the cars, which have come seats and light blinds instead of glass windows. The locomotive shrieked and we moved out of the city, following endless curves, slowly winding around foot of hills and through jungles toward the summit of that narrow neck of land which divides two unbounded seas. The Panama Railway began in 1848, was completed in seven years, costing \$160,000 per mile. Again and again the work was suspended, for the malarious, pestilential, fever-breeding air poisoned all who breathed it. Natives, Austrians, West Indians, Irish, French, Germans, Coolies and Chinese were successfully employed as laborers, and to all proved fatal. The forty-eight miles are ridged with graves, and said to have cost a man's life for every sleeper. Jamaica negroes and whites from Northern States bore the climate, and the tropical vegetation, penetrating canebreaks, wading swamps, fighting noxious insects, dodging bus constructors, congers and crocodiles, constantly braving death for one two dollars per day!

The road pays larger dividends than any other in the world. It charges \$25 specie for a ride of forty-eight miles, and corresponding prices for freight. Seven-eighths of its passengers are from the United States, and the California trade; but this freight includes treasure. Estimating it by the ton, so much the larger portion goes Southward. The Eastern and United States trade with the West Coast of South America is very heavy. The British mail steamers ply from Valparaiso to Panama, and on the East side another connects Aspinwall with Liverpool.

The sleepers are of lignum vitae, the only timber which endures the ravages of climate and insects. The accompanying telegraph lines are of copper, as no timber exposed to the air would last more than one year. Four miles apart are the "local superintendents' houses," of uniform architecture, high ceilings, broad halls, deep balconies and piazzas around the entire building, and separate kitchens in the rear. These dwellings, all made in New York, and sent out ready to be put to gether, look cool and inviting. Each superintendent is responsible for his four miles of road, which requires constant labor to keep it from being washed away, eroded or covered by the irrepressible vegetation.

Beside the neat and the dwellings of native workmen and villagers, little steep-roofed cabins, that in with tiles, glass or cane, with walls of sticks and plaster. They look dry and cool, but during the rainy season they must admit water like sieves, and their occupants become aquatic. The women, who celebrate the day in clean frocks and bits of finery, all wear Panama hats like the men. Prolific nature has blessed them with innumerable babies. I have seen nothing like it save in Salt Lake, or on Missouri prairies.

Here is the richest, densest vegetation in the world—an impenetrable tangle of mangos, plantains, palm, orange, banana, lime, India rubber trees, and thousands of shrubs and parasites new to Northern eyes. Here is primitive architecture—endless cloisters, colonnades and bowers. Little vines of green-sward, fragments of water, hills and basaltic cliffs, are exceptional. As a whole, the isthmus is a vast jungle of trees, canebrakes and parasites, with gorgeous flowers and birds of brilliant plumage, rich with the exuberant, and sometimes dazzling with the brightness of the orange Monkeys and parrots chatter in the branches, will birds hide in the dingles, insects swarm in the swamps, and huge reptiles drag their slow length along the oozy soil, darkened by thick foliage which shuts out the light of the high tropical heavens. From branches sixty feet high, vines and down like ropes hang on the edge of the forest, and with their climbing up the huge trunks like cork screws. The old fact of nature and figure of rhetoric—the sustaining oak and clinging vine—man's strength and woman's tenderness—is reversed. The tree indeed bears the vine, but is smothered in the embrace of death. The trunk of some forest kings resemble huge pipes of lead, and even the stems of willows are in sections like corn-stalks and sugar cane.

Here are rarest combinations of color and form—wild palms with leaves eight inches long yet only a finger's width; immense groves of cultivated palms heavy with fruit; countless bananas upon which the natives subsist; pulpy stalks, with leaves, the thickness and texture of lily-pads, sword shaped, and ten or twelve feet in height, birds of white, black and yellow, flowers of white, orange, crimson and scarlet, and from the convolutions and tangles of greenness. All is profusion, luxury, gorgeousness, every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.

Eleven miles from Panama we crossed the summit through a natural gap 300 feet above the ocean. From these mountains one can see both the Atlantic and Pacific at once. For several miles we followed the Chagres River, against whose muddy current natives used to pole up

early California emigrants in canoes. Aspinwall has an excellent harbor, enabling first class steamers to come to the wharf without ferrage. On the chief street is a long row of wooden buildings, with projecting roofs or sheds, trading houses, eating and drinking saloons. The motley population of less than one thousand is composed of natives, Jamaica negroes and Americans. Aspinwall owes its birth to the Panama Railroad, and was surely born too soon; sent into this breathing world, scarce half made up. Surrounded and intersected by stagnant pools, water unfit for drinking or cooking with, out distillation, air close and malarious; wretchedness, most repulsive city of fact or fiction, not an exception Cairo in the days of Martin Chuzzlewit.

The Working Man.

He is the noblest man of whom our free country can boast; whether at the workshop or at the plow, you find him the same noble hearted, free and independent being. And if there is a man in society upon whom we look with esteem and admiration, it is the independent, sober working man. We are not whether he be farmer, mechanic or common laborer—whether his tools are endured in workshop, the field, or the coal mine; whether his home is in the back woods or the neat cottage—our admiration is the same. What a happy picture he presents: what a reward for his labor, who by his unaided exertions, establishes for himself a respectable position in society; who commencing in poverty, by his skill and assiduity, surmounts every obstacle, overcomes every prejudice, and finally succeeds in forming a character whose value is enhanced by those who come after him. Such a man we prize as the noblest work of which human nature is capable—the highest production she can boast. And let it be borne in mind by the young working man just entering upon the stage of active life—let it ever lie at the foundation and be the moving spring of all his efforts—that this situation he must strain every nerve to attain. It can be attained by all. Untiring industry and virtuous ambition never fail to find their reward. They never yet were exerted in vain, and never will be while honesty and justice find a home in the human breast. It was remarked by an eloquent writer, "that the working man who had no inheritance but virtue is the sole king among men, and the only man among kings."

Proverbs by Josh Billings.

Don't swap with your relations unless you can give them the big end of the trade. Marry young and if circumstances require it, often. If you can't get good clothes and education too, get the clothes. Cultivate modesty, but keep a good stock of impudence on hand. Be charitable—three penny cent pieces were made on purpose. It costs more to borrow than it does to buy. If a man flatters you, you can kinkalee him a rone, or you are a fool. Keep both eyes open, but don't see more than you need.

If you itch for fame, go into a graveyard and scratch yourself against a tombstone. Sin is like weeds—selfness and sure to come. Two levers, like two armies generally get along quietly until engaged. Boys, when approaching near to manhood show the least affection, the most love of teasing, the greatest distrustfulness, the most selfishness and coldheartedness; just as the coldness and darkness of the night increases two-fold just before the rising of the sun. Who till now ever water-falls caught in nets? A fish could not be an emblem of justice. He has unequal scales. Scarlet and yellow are both very good colors for dress, but bad ones for fevers. It is said that "a fool and his money are soon parted." Men of genius seldom part with that commodity, and for the best of reasons. A man may be said to know thoroughly only what he can correctly communicate to others. The editor keeps the world's Day book; the historian keeps the Ledger.

General Grant was in Baltimore recently accompanied by Representative Washburne, of Illinois. He drove a pair of very fine horses from Washington City, to Baltimore, a distance of forty miles in five hours, and "smoked" all the way. It is supposed that Washburne went to take charge of the horses.

The editor of a new paper in Nebraska begins his introductory article with the following sentence: "The object in view in the establishment of this paper is the procuring of means wherewith to buy bread and butter and good clothes."

It is stated that there is a postoffice in McDonough county, Ill., through which only two letters pass each quarter. They consist of the correspondence between the Postmaster and the Department. The last letter to the Department announced the Postmaster's adhesion to the President's policy.

The estate of M. R. Potter, late editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, exceeds \$600,000 in value.

The Chicago Republican says that the majority of the people do not sustain the President, but reject his policy and feel no confidence in him. Guess not.

Observance of the Sabbath.

The Sabbath has always been regarded as a day of rest, by all moral communities. It is a day set apart by the Author of all things, to be kept holy and sacred to his cause. Even if you have no regard for, or belief in, a supreme Ruler, self respect and a decent regard for community, ought to prompt you to refrain from labor on the Sabbath. Few, who have not made it a special point of observation, know how much the observance of this day has to do with restraining the young from vice, immorality and dissipation. The Sabbath-breaker is not alone injured, but his example is cited by all apologists for sin. Look back through the long catalogue of crimes, and you will find that a great majority of criminals commenced their sinful career by improper conduct on that day. Why will you not stop to think that Sabbath-breaking is a dangerous thing at best, and generally leads to fatal results? When you once break down the moral and religious barriers that the Sabbath throws around you, you are prepared to enter upon almost any deed of vice. No notorious Sabbath-breaker is a moral man; while those who observe that day as a day of rest from earthly things, and as a day of spiritual communion with God, constitute the moral and Christian element of the world. Persons who make it a point to do certain kinds of business and labor on the Sabbath day should all be marked by community, and kindly urged to refrain from that sin against God and man. "Sabbath-breaker, if this should come to your notice, remember that not only man has seen you break the laws of God, but that Eye which never sleeps saw you commit the same crime, and recorded it in that book by which the whole world shall be judged. How horrible will be the feelings of the guilty on that day, when they will see in golden letters the command which they have disobeyed. "REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY." Wadsworth Enterprise.

Artemus Ward insures his Life.

I am to the conclusion lately that life was so uncertain, that the only way for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to get my life insured, to I called on the agent of the "Guardian Angel Life Insurance Company," and answered the following questions, which was put to me from the top up a pair of spurs, by a sleek little man, with as fat an old belly on him as any man ever had:

- 1st. Are you a mail or female?
- 2d. Are you subject to fits; and if so, do you have more than one at a time?
- 3d. What are your fighting weight?
- 4th. Did you ever have any ancestors, and if so, how much?
- 5th. What is your legal opinion of the constitutionality of the ten commandments?
- 6th. Do you ever have any night mares?
- 7th. Are you married or single, or are you a bachelor?
- 8th. Do you believe in a future state? If so, state it.
- 9th. What are your private sentiments about a rush on rats in a bed—can it be done successfully?
- 10th. Have you ever committed suicide, and if so how does it affect you?

After answering the above questions like a man in the confessional, the sleek little fat old man, with gold specs on sed I was insured for life, and probably would remain so for a term or years. I thanked him and smiled won av my most pensive smiles.

The Civil Rights Bill.

We clip the following from the Washington Constitution:

"EQUAL RIGHTS.—About noon yesterday two fat, greasy-looking, two hundred pounds 'colored ladies,' evidently cooks for some cheap restaurant, got into one of the street cars at the Capitol, and the seats all being occupied by ladies and gentlemen, they, the 'colored women,' began to turn up their noses and throw out of them called 'Conductor.' I want you to get us seats, de same de de de passengers—we be peoples, we ain't dogs. The Conductor politely informed them that by the time the car got to Four-and-a-half street there would be seats, as most of the passengers were bound to Doctor Sanderland's Church. But for the present there was no room. The largest negroes then shouted, in every language, with anger depicted in every lineament of her countenance: 'We am jist as good as de white trash riding in dis yer car—we ain't dogs, and we want seats jist de same as de white women—and if de white trash was gentlemen dey would git up and give a lady a seat, and if I can't get a seat I'll gwain to git out. Mr. Conductor, stop de kears, stop de kears—we ne gwain to ride wid dis trash.' The womenes bustled their away and aromatic persons out of the car, much to the gratification of the passengers bound to Doctor Sanderland's Church. The last seen of the two womenes they were peering down toward the Capitol for another car. Moral.—The equalization of color is no more related by the Abolitionists of Doctor Sanderland's Church than the most radical anti negro worshippers in our land. The negroes will soon learn their position, as water finds its level."

A Wonderful Phenomenon—A Man who can Keep Awake as Long as he Pleases.

STARKVILLE, April 1, 1866.
Editor of the Spirit of the Times:

Sir: The following very strange and anomalous circumstance has just transpired in our community. Mr. Gabriel Ellis, a flourishing dry-goods merchant, had frequently remarked that he could sit up three weeks without any material detriment to his health; and that after the expiration of that time he could go to sleep, and sleep without waking until the loss was made up. He was led to believe this fact from experiments on a smaller scale. In the early part of February he sold out his store and invested the capital thus raised in a farm, which gave him leisure and in compliance with the wishes of several scientific gentlemen, he began on the 11th day of February to abstain from sleep. Gentlemen sat up by turns to satisfy themselves of his strange faculty; and to preclude all possibility of being accused of momentary ecstasies of sleep he would read audibly all night long and keep his feet during the day—watched all the while at his own request. He would comment in a clear, forcibly and intellectual manner upon what he read; and as a day of spiritual communion with God, constitute the moral and Christian element of the world. Persons who make it a point to do certain kinds of business and labor on the Sabbath day should all be marked by community, and kindly urged to refrain from that sin against God and man. "Sabbath-breaker, if this should come to your notice, remember that not only man has seen you break the laws of God, but that Eye which never sleeps saw you commit the same crime, and recorded it in that book by which the whole world shall be judged. How horrible will be the feelings of the guilty on that day, when they will see in golden letters the command which they have disobeyed. "REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY." Wadsworth Enterprise.

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"EQUAL RIGHTS.—About noon yesterday two fat, greasy-looking, two hundred pounds 'colored ladies,' evidently cooks for some cheap restaurant, got into one of the street cars at the Capitol, and the seats all being occupied by ladies and gentlemen, they, the 'colored women,' began to turn up their noses and throw out of them called 'Conductor.' I want you to get us seats, de same de de de passengers—we be peoples, we ain't dogs. The Conductor politely informed them that by the time the car got to Four-and-a-half street there would be seats, as most of the passengers were bound to Doctor Sanderland's Church. But for the present there was no room. The largest negroes then shouted, in every language, with anger depicted in every lineament of her countenance: 'We am jist as good as de white trash riding in dis yer car—we ain't dogs, and we want seats jist de same as de white women—and if de white trash was gentlemen dey would git up and give a lady a seat, and if I can't get a seat I'll gwain to git out. Mr. Conductor, stop de kears, stop de kears—we ne gwain to ride wid dis trash.' The womenes bustled their away and aromatic persons out of the car, much to the gratification of the passengers bound to Doctor Sanderland's Church. The last seen of the two womenes they were peering down toward the Capitol for another car. Moral.—The equalization of color is no more related by the Abolitionists of Doctor Sanderland's Church than the most radical anti negro worshippers in our land. The negroes will soon learn their position, as water finds its level."

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One square, one week, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, less than three months, .80
One square, three months, .75
One square, six months, .60
One square, one year, .50
Yearly advertisements three squares, .75
Yearly advertisements four squares, .90
Business cards, six lines or less, .50
Advertisements, 10 lines or less, .75
Advertisements, 15 lines or less, .90
Advertisements, 20 lines or less, 1.00
Advertisements, 25 lines or less, 1.25
Advertisements, 30 lines or less, 1.50
Advertisements, 35 lines or less, 1.75
Advertisements, 40 lines or less, 2.00
Advertisements, 45 lines or less, 2.25
Advertisements, 50 lines or less, 2.50
Advertisements, 55 lines or less,